



SRI AUROBINDO

# LAST POEMS



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112 ✓



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SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM  
PONDICHERRY



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### PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The forty-eight poems included in this collection consisting mainly of sonnets, are among the last written by the Master. He intended to give them all a final revision, but only a few were actually so done. One or two irregularities of rhyming may be noticed, but whether they were purposely meant to be like that or kept only provisionally, it is not possible to say. In several cases, where it seemed necessary, earlier versions have been drawn upon for textual collation and the fixing of dates. Where two dates are given for the same poem, the earlier refers to the date of composition and the other to that of revision.

The poems are arranged in chronological order and their facsimile reproductions given on parallel pages. There are, at places, discrepancies between the facsimile and the printed text. That is because there exist, in view of changes and corrections made from time to time, several versions of most of these poems and for the printed text the choice was determined by the one which was the most complete and seemed to be the last or final, whereas for the facsimile the needs of photography had to be taken into account, the need of selecting the most suitable one for representation.

Except for a few poems which appeared in the quarterly *Advent*, they are now published for the first time.





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## LAST POEMS



The Dumb Harvesting

(1)

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:

Music and thunder and the cry of birds,  
Life's bubble of her sorrows and her joys,  
Cadenza of human speed and numbered words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth  
The winged plane hurrying through the conquered air,  
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,  
The machine's reluctant drone, the sex's blow

Blowing upon the winged loam of Space:  
A call of distance and of mystery,  
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean ways, —  
All aware under-tones and throes of thee.

A secret harmony steals through the blind heart  
And all your beautiful become then art —

Oct 24 1937

## *The Divine Hearing*

ALL sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:  
Music and thunder and the cry of birds,  
Life's babble<sup>1</sup> of her sorrows and her joys,  
Cadence of human speech and murmured words,

The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,  
The winged plane purring through the conquered<sup>2</sup> air,  
The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,  
The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare

Blowing upon the windy horn of Space  
A call of distance and of mystery,  
Memories of sun-bright<sup>3</sup> lands and ocean-ways,—  
All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.

A secret harmony steals<sup>4</sup> through the blind heart  
And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

24.10.1937

<sup>1</sup> babbling

<sup>2</sup> silent

<sup>3</sup> sun-lit

<sup>4</sup> smites



The Indwelling Universal

I have <sup>caten</sup> ~~stayed~~ the wide world in your's embrace:

In the Arcturus and Belphegor burn.

In the whatever being form I turn  
I see your body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my soul's eyes;

The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.

The world's happiness flows through me like wine,

My million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only grooves that pass  
Upon my surface; only for ever still,

Whence I sit, timeless, intangible

All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic wheel;

I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

1938. July



## *The Indwelling Universal*

I CONTAIN the whole world in my soul's embrace:  
In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.  
To whatsoever living form I turn  
I see my own body with another face.

All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;  
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.  
The world's happiness flows through me like wine,  
Its million sorrows are my agonies.

Yet all its acts are only waves that pass  
Upon my surface; inly for ever still,  
Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:  
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.

My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;  
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

15.7.1938

Electron

The electron on which forms and worlds are built,  
Deeped into being a particle of God.  
It speaks from the eternal energy field  
It is the Infinite's blind meretricious abode.

In that small gleaming chariot thine rides.  
The One devised in himself to be;  
His oneness is invisible from his hides,  
Time's tiny temples of eternity.

Atom and molecule in their uncessant flow  
Butress an edifice of strange necessities,  
Crystal and plant, insect and beast and man, —  
None on whom the World-Unity shall seize,

Widening his sad spectacle an epiphany  
Of the hidden vastness of Infinity.



## *Electron*

THE electron on which forms and worlds are built,  
    Leaped into being, a particle of God.  
A spark from the eternal Energy spilt,  
    It is the Infinite's blind minute abode.

In that small flaming chariot Shiva rides.  
    The One devised innumerably to be;  
His oneness in invisible forms he hides,  
    Time's tiny temples of<sup>1</sup> eternity.

Atom and molecule in their unseen plan  
    Buttress an edifice of strange onenesses,  
Crystal and plant, insect and beast and man,—  
    Man on whom the World-Unity shall seize,

Widening his soul-spark to an epiphany  
Of the timeless vastness of Infinity.

15.7.1938

<sup>1</sup> to



The Hidden Plan

Howe'er long Night's home, I will not dream  
That the shadows and the forms' mask  
Close all that God reveals in <sup>our</sup> life's scheme,  
The last ~~best~~ result of Nature's cosmic task.  
A greater Presence in her bosom ~~but~~ <sup>is</sup>;  
Long it prepares its far epiphany:  
Over the stone and beast the godhead lurks,  
That bright Presence of eternity.  
It shall burst from the limit traced by hand  
And make a witness of the present heart;  
It shall reveal even in this most blind  
Nature, long veiled in each inconsequent part,  
Unfolding the occult magnificent plan,  
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.

25.7.38  
18.21.3.44

## *The Hidden Plan*

HOWEVER long Night's hour, I will not dream  
That the small ego and the person's mask  
Are all that God reveals in our life-scheme,  
The last result of Nature's cosmic task.  
A greater Presence in her bosom works;  
Long it prepares its far epiphany:  
Even in the stone and beast the godhead lurks,  
A bright Persona of eternity.  
It shall burst out from the limit traced by Mind  
And make a witness of the prescient heart;  
It shall reveal even in this inert blind  
Nature, long veiled in each inconscient part,  
Fulfilling the occult magnificent plan,  
The world-wide and immortal spirit in man.

26.7.1938

21.3.1944



The Pilgrim of the Night  
I made an assignation with the Night;  
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:  
In my breast carrying God's deathless light  
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.  
I left the glory of the illumined world  
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul,  
And travelled through hazy, veiled and blind  
To the grey shore where her igneous waters roll.  
I walk by the chill sea through the dull stone  
And still that weary journeying knows no end;  
For is the harbour goal and beyond Time,  
There comes no voice of the celestial Friends  
And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality.

26.7.208  
48.3.144

£



## *The Pilgrim of the Night*

I MADE an assignation with the Night;  
In the abyss was fixed our rendezvous:  
In my breast carrying God's deathless light  
I came her dark and dangerous heart to woo.  
I left the glory of the illumined Mind  
And the calm rapture of the divinised soul  
And travelled through a vastness dim and blind  
To the grey shore where her ignorant waters roll.  
I walk by the chill wave through the dull slime  
And still that weary journeying knows no end;  
Lost is the lustrous godhead beyond Time,  
There comes no voice of the celestial Friend,  
And yet I know my footprints' track shall be  
A pathway towards Immortality.

26.7.1938

18.3.1944

Liberation

I have known from some dawning sense of mind -  
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;  
Timeless and deathless beyond creature's kind,  
The center of my own eternity.

I have escaped and the small self is dead;  
I am immortal, alone, unfeeling;

I have gone out from the universe I made,  
And ~~now~~ <sup>have</sup> grown nameless and immeasurable.

My mind is hushed in sweet and endless light,  
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,  
My sense unmoved by touch and sound and sight,  
My body apart in white infinites.

I am the one Being's sole immutable Bliss:

No one I am, I who am all that is.

27.7.38  
22.3.44



*Liberation*

I HAVE thrown from me the whirling dance of mind  
And stand now in the spirit's silence free;  
Timeless and deathless beyond creature-kind,  
The centre of my own eternity.

I have escaped and the small self is dead;  
I am immortal, alone, ineffable;  
I have gone out from the universe I made,  
And have grown nameless and immeasurable.

My mind is hushed in a wide and endless light,  
My heart a solitude of delight and peace,  
My sense unsnared by touch and sound and sight,  
My body a point in white infinities.

I am the one Being's sole immobile Bliss:  
No one I am, I who am all that is.

27.7.1938

22.3.1944



Last Poems

My Witness, Spirit

I dwell on the spirit, calm nothing can move  
And watch the actors of thy vast soul before  
Its mighty wings that though they fly never  
And the time-gallies of the deathless horse  
Thro' mute stupendous Energy that rolls  
The stars and nebulae in its long train,  
Like a huge serpent through  
With its diamond head of joy and fangs of pain  
It rises from the dim innocent deep  
Upward through the mists of heart of man,  
Then bows on some height of luminous slope  
The bliss and splendour of the eternal dawn.  
All this I have in me, untroubled and still  
Awaiting to thy all-wise and inflexible will.

27.7.28  
28.3.28

## *The Witness Spirit*

I DWELL in the spirit's calm nothing can move  
And watch the actions of thy vast world-force,  
Its mighty wings that through infinity move  
And the Time-galloppings of the deathless Horse.

This mute stupendous Energy that whirls  
The stars and nebulae in its long train,  
Like a huge Serpent through my being curls<sup>1</sup>  
With its diamond hood of joy and fangs of pain.

It rises from the dim inconscient deep  
Upcoiling through the minds and hearts of men,  
Then touches on some height of luminous sleep  
The bliss and splendour of the eternal plane.

All this I bear in me, untouched and still  
Assenting to Thy all-wise inscrutable will.

27\*.7.1938

21.3.1944

<sup>1</sup> restored from an earlier version

\*26 (?)



The Inevitable

Out of a seeming void and dark-winged slop  
Of un-managed infinity

A Power arose <sup>from</sup> the inert, that deep,  
A flux-whirl of negation Energy.

Some huge somnambulist Intelligence  
Deriving without thought, process and plan  
Amazed the burning stars' magnificence  
The being, bodies of hosts and the brain of men.

What stark Necessity, or ordered Chance  
Became alive to know the cosmic whole?  
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dance  
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

~~It~~ The darkness was the Omnipotent above,  
Flood of unvoiced, a blind mask of God.

27.7.38  
21.3.44



## *The Inconscient*

OUT of a seeming void and dark-winged sleep  
Of dim inconscient infinity  
A Power arose from the insentient deep,  
A flame-whirl of magician Energy.

Some huge somnambulist Intelligence  
Devising without thought process and plan  
Arrayed the burning stars' magnificence,  
The living bodies of beasts and the brain of man.

What stark Necessity or ordered Chance  
Became alive to know the cosmic whole?  
What magic of numbers, what mechanic dance  
Developed consciousness, assumed a soul?

The darkness was the Omnipotent's abode,  
Hood of omniscience, a blind mask of God.

27.7.1938

21.3.1944

Cosmic Consciousness

I have wrapped the wide world in my embrace  
 And Time and Space my spirit's realm are.  
 I am the god and demon, ghost and self,  
 I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.  
 All Nature is the rushing of my core,  
 I ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> the struggle and the eternal rest;  
 The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear  
 The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.  
 I have learned a lesson - but not all,  
 Yet am by nothing bound that I become;  
 Carrying me the universe's call  
 I move to my unperishable home  
 I ~~stand~~ <sup>pass</sup> beyond Time and life or non-being;  
 Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

28.7.38



## *Cosmic Consciousness*

I HAVE wrapped the wide world in my wider self  
And Time and Space my spirit's seeing are.  
I am the god and demon, ghost and elf,  
I am the wind's speed and the blazing star.  
All Nature is the nursling of my care,  
I am its struggle and the eternal rest;  
The world's joy thrilling runs through me, I bear  
The sorrow of millions in my lonely breast.  
I have learned a close identity with all,  
Yet am by nothing bound that I become;  
Carrying in me the universe's call  
I mount to my imperishable home.  
I pass beyond Time and life on measureless wings,  
Yet still am one with born and unborn things.

28.7.1938<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 26.7.1938 (?)



Life-Unity

I have housed within my heart the life of things;  
All hearts absorbed in the world I felt as one;  
I shared the joy that in creation seeps  
And doubt to some like a poignant wound.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,  
All passions fused through my soul selfless love;  
One love I shared in a million bosoms expressed.  
I am the bastion slaps, the heart hasaves.

I spread life's burning wings of rapture and pain;  
Black fire and gold fire strive towards a bliss:  
I move by then towards a surreal plane  
Of furor and love and restless certainties  
A deep spiritual calm no mind can sway  
Upholds the majesty of the Passion play -

8-8-36  
22-3-44

*Life-Unity*

I HOUSED within my heart the life of things,  
All hearts athrob in the world I felt as mine;  
I shared the joy that in creation sings  
And drank its sorrow like a poignant wine.

I have felt the anger in another's breast,  
All passions poured through my world-self their waves;  
One love I shared in a million bosoms expressed.  
I am the beast man slays, the beast he saves.

I spread life's burning wings of rapture and pain;  
Black fire and gold fire strove towards one bliss:  
I rose by them towards a supernal plane  
Of power and love and deathless ecstasies.

A deep spiritual calm no touch can sway  
Upholds the mystery of this Passion-play.

8.8.1938

22.3.1944



The Golden Light

The golden light came down into my brain  
 And the grey rooms of mind sun-baked became  
 A bright ref to Rodin's occult plane,  
 A calm illumination and a plane

My golden light came down into my throat,  
And all my speech is now a true divine,  
A heaven song of thee my single note;  
My words are drunk with the drunkard's wine.

Thy golden light came down into my heart  
 Smiling my life with thy eternity;  
 Which it gave a temple where I might rest -  
 And all its pinnacles point towards only Thee  
 Thy golden light

The golden light came down on my face  
The youngest & worthiest playmate and friend

8-8-35  
22-3-44

## *The Golden Light*

THY golden Light came down into my brain  
And the grey worms of mind sun-touched became  
A bright reply to Wisdom's occult plane,  
A calm illumination and a flame.

Thy golden Light came down into my throat,  
And all my speech is now a tune divine,  
A paean-song of thee my single note;  
My words are drunk with the Immortal's wine.

Thy golden Light came down into my heart  
Smiting my life with Thy eternity;  
Now has it grown a temple where Thou art  
And all its passions point towards only Thee.

Thy golden Light came down into my feet  
My earth is now thy playfield and thy seat.

8.8.1938

22.3.1944



Journal

The Infinite Adventure

On the waters of a nameless Infinite  
My ship is launched; I have left the human shore.  
All fades behind me and I see before  
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.  
A unseen Hand controls my rudder. Night  
Walks up the sea in a black corridor -  
An unconscious Gleaner's low plaint and moan  
On the ocean sleep of a dead Eve's mate.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek  
~~It~~ <sup>It</sup> surrounds me; below me are the giant deeps.  
Beyond, the invisible height no sail has trod.  
I shall be raised in the Lonely and Strange  
And enter into a sudden blaze of God,  
The novel and rapture of the Apocalyptic.

1939. September

## *The Infinite Adventure*

ON the waters of a nameless Infinite  
My skiff is launched; I have left the human shore.  
All fades behind me and I see before  
The unknown abyss and one pale pointing light.  
An unseen Hand controls my rudder. Night  
Walls up the sea in a black corridor,—  
An unconscious Hunger's lion plaint and roar  
Or the ocean sleep of a dead Eremite.

I feel the greatness of the Power I seek  
Surround me; below me are its<sup>1</sup> giant deeps.  
Beyond, the invisible height no soul has trod.  
I shall be merged in the Lonely and Unique  
And wake into a sudden blaze of God,  
The marvel and rapture of the Apocalypse.

11.9.1939

<sup>1</sup> the





*The Greater Plan*

I AM held no more by life's alluring cry,  
Her joy and grief, her charm, her laughter's lute.  
Hushed are the magic moments of the flute,  
And form and colour and brief ecstasy.  
I would hear, in my spirit's wideness solitary  
The Voice that speaks when mortal lips are mute:  
I seek the wonder of things absolute  
Born from the silence of Eternity.

There is a need within the soul of man  
The splendours of the surface never sate;  
For life and mind and their glory and debate  
Are the slow prelude of a vaster theme,  
A sketch confused of a supernal plan,  
A preface to the epic of the Supreme.

12.9.1939



The Universal Invention

There is a wisdom like a brooding Sun,  
A Bliss in the heart's crypt-given fiery white,  
The heart of a world in which all hearts are one,  
A Silence on the mountains of delight,  
A Calm that cradles Fate upon its knees;  
A wide Confession least in these earth's pains;  
A Vision dwells within our exercises,  
The infinite Godhead in the body of man.

Our mind is a gleaming curtain of that Ray,  
Overstung to a parody of the immortal's power,  
Our joy a dream in the Eternal's way  
Hunting the fugitive beauty of an hour.  
O for the heart's veiled door <sup>the</sup> word of flame  
To utter, the secret and timeless Name.

1939. September.

## *The Universal Incarnation*

THERE is a wisdom like a brooding Sun,  
A Bliss in the heart's crypt grown fiery white,  
The heart of a world in which all hearts are one,  
A Silence on the mountains of delight,

A Calm that cradles Fate upon its knees;  
A wide Compassion leans to embrace earth's pain;  
A Witness dwells within our secrecies,  
The incarnate Godhead in the body of man.

Our mind is a glimmering curtain of that Ray,  
Our strength a parody of the Immortal's power,  
Our joy a dreamer on the Eternal's way  
Hunting the fugitive<sup>1</sup> beauty of an hour.

Only on the heart's veiled door the word of flame  
Is written, the secret and tremendous Name.

12.9.1939

<sup>1</sup> unseizable



The Godhead

I set behind the door of Dante's house  
In the shouting street that roared a future's when,  
And suddenly felt, ascending Napoleon's grooves,  
In me, enveloping me the body of Christ  
Above my head a mighty head was seen.  
A face with the calm of immortality  
And an imperial gaze that held the same  
In the vast circle of ~~the~~ sovereignty.  
His head was mingled with the sun and breeze;  
The world was in His heart and Heaven I;  
I found in me the everlasting's peace  
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.  
The moment passed and all was as before;  
Only <sup>that</sup> deathless memory I bore

1939. September.

## *The Godhead*

I SAT behind the dance of Danger's hooves  
In the shouting street that seemed a futurist's whim,  
And suddenly felt, exceeding Nature's grooves,  
In me, enveloping me the body of Him.

Above my head a mighty head was seen,  
A face with the calm of immortality  
And an omnipotent gaze that held the scene  
In the vast circle of its sovereignty.

His hair was mingled with the sun and breeze;  
The world was in His heart and He was I:  
I housed in me the Everlasting's peace,  
The strength of One whose substance cannot die.

The moment passed and all was as before;  
Only that<sup>1</sup> deathless memory I bore.

13.9.1939

<sup>1</sup> its





The Stone Goddess  
In a tower of gothic, housed in a little shrine,  
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me, —  
A living Presence deathless and divine;  
A form that embraced all infinity,  
The great World Mother and her mighty will  
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,  
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,  
Rite in the desert and the sky and deep.  
Nor veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,  
Unceasing, inscrutable omnipotent,  
Fleeting until our soul has seen, has heard  
The secret of her strange embodiment,  
One in the whisper and the immobile shape,  
A beauty and a jety flash or stone can drop.

1935. September.

*The Stone Goddess*

IN a town of gods, housed in a little shrine,  
From sculptured limbs the Godhead looked at me,—  
A living Presence deathless and divine,  
A Form that harboured all infinity.

The great World-Mother and her mighty will  
Inhabited the earth's abysmal sleep,  
Voiceless, omnipotent, inscrutable,  
Mute in the desert and the sky and deep.

Now veiled with mind she dwells and speaks no word,  
Voiceless, inscrutable, omniscient,  
Hiding until our soul has seen, has heard  
The secret of her strange embodiment,

One in the worshipper and the immobile shape,  
A beauty and mystery flesh or stone can drape.

13.9.1939



Knutson

At last I find a meaning of world's birth  
Like the universe tremble and sear,  
I who have felt the hungry last of earth  
Aspiring beyond heaven to Knutson's feet.

I have seen the beauty of winter's days,  
And heard the pines of the Lark's flute,  
And know a deathless, endless response  
And sorrow in my heart for ever new.

Mass and measure, not the name draws,  
Life shudders with a stronger faculty;  
All Nature is a single ground of peace  
Hoping its lordly touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived, the ages past;  
He would now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

1939 September

*Krishna*

AT last I find a meaning of soul's birth  
    Into this universe terrible and sweet,  
I who have felt the hungry heart of earth  
    Aspiring beyond heaven to Krishna's feet.

I have seen the beauty of immortal eyes,  
    And heard the passion of the Lover's flute,  
And known a deathless ecstasy's surprise  
    And sorrow in my heart for ever mute.

Nearer and nearer now the music draws,  
    Life shudders with a strange felicity;  
All Nature is a wide enamoured pause  
    Hoping her lord to touch, to clasp, to be.

For this one moment lived the ages past;  
The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last.

15.9.1939



## Last Poems

### Shiva

On the white summit of eternity  
A single Lord of bare infinites,  
Guarded he keeps by a firm screen of peace  
This mystic loneliness of nude ecstasy.  
But, touched by an immense delight to be,  
He looks across wounding depths and sees  
Rising amid the nicotinic mists  
The right, rather than the polarity.  
Half as adorer she rises to his glances;  
Then moved to crying by his heart-beats, will  
The rhythm would describe that passion-dance.  
Life spungen her and kind is born; her face  
She lifts to him who is himself until  
The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace.

1939 September

*Shiva*

ON the white summit of eternity  
A single Soul of bare infinities,  
Guarded he keeps by a fire-screen of peace  
His mystic loneliness of nude ecstasy.  
But, touched by an immense delight to be,  
He looks across unending depths and sees  
Musing amid the inconscient silences  
The Mighty Mother's dumb felicity.

Half now awake she rises to his glance;  
Then, moved to circling by her heart-beats' will,  
The rhythmic worlds describe that passion-dance.  
Life springs in her and Mind is born; her face  
She lifts to Him who is Herself, until  
The Spirit leaps into the Spirit's embrace.

16.9.1939



The Word of the Silence

A bare impersonal truth is now my mind,  
A world of sight clear and inimitable,  
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,  
A greatness pure of thought, a rigor of will.

Once on its pages of assurance could write  
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time  
And cast clear messages of oftenser light,  
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word  
Born from the not unseen omnipotent Ray:  
The Voice that all silence ever has heard  
Leaps renewed from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from <sup>its</sup> wilderness and unbroken peace  
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

1939 September.

## *The Word of the Silence*

A BARE impersonal hush is now my mind,  
A world of sight clear and inimitable,  
A volume of silence by a Godhead signed,  
A greatness pure of thought, virgin of will.

Once on its pages Ignorance could write  
In a scribble of intellect the blind guess of Time  
And cast gleam-messages of ephemeral light,  
A food for souls that wander on Nature's rim.

But now I listen to a greater Word  
Born from the mute unseen omniscient Ray:  
The Voice that only Silence' ear has heard  
Leaps missioned from an eternal glory of Day.

All turns from a wideness and unbroken peace  
To a tumult of joy in a sea of wide release.

18-19.9.1939



The Self's Infinity

I have become what before I was.

A secret touch has quickened thought and sense:  
All things by the agent hand created pass  
Into a wild and mute magnificence.

My life is a silence grasped by timeless hands;  
The world is drowned in an immortal gaze.

Stripped my spirit from its material stands;  
I am alone with my own self for space.

My heart is a centre of infinity;  
My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.  
All being's huge abysses within me,  
Open revealed in a gigantic ignorance.

A moment's immensity pure and bare,  
I stretch to an eternal everywhere.

1939 September

## *The Self's Infinity*

I HAVE become what before Time I was.  
A secret touch has quieted thought and sense:  
All things by the agent Mind created pass  
Into a void and mute magnificence.

My life is a silence grasped by timeless hands;  
The world is drowned in an immortal gaze.  
Naked my spirit from its vestures stands;  
I am alone with my own self for space.

My heart is a centre of infinity,  
My body a dot in the soul's vast expanse.  
All being's huge abyss wakes under me,  
Once screened in a gigantic Ignorance.

A momentless immensity pure and bare,  
I stretch to an eternal everywhere.

18-19.9.1939



The Dual Being

There are two beings in my single self.

A Godhead watches Nature from behind  
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,  
A timeless creator with a human mind.

Immortal and boundless like a sea or sky,  
The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.  
Radiant, his own light, his heart so free;  
His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's passions driven,  
Thoughtful and erring bears his human task;  
All must be known and to that Greekness given  
The mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance  
The screened Immortal plays at Ignorance.

1939 September

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## *The Dual Being*

THERE are two beings in my single self.  
A Godhead watches Nature from behind  
At play in front with a brilliant surface elf,  
A time-born creature with a human mind.

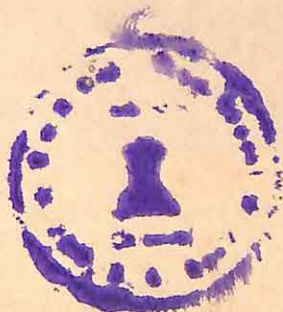
Tranquil and boundless like a sea or sky,  
The Godhead knows himself Eternity's son.  
Radiant his mind and vast, his heart as free;  
His will is a sceptre of dominion.

The smaller self by Nature's passions driven,  
Thoughtful and erring learns his human task;  
All must be known and to that Greatness given  
This mind and life, the mirror and the mask.

As with the figure of a symbol dance  
The screened Omniscient plays at Ignorance.

19.9.1939

6989





Lila

In us is the thousandfold Spirit who is one,  
An eternal thinker calm and great and wise,  
A seer whose eye is in all-regarding sun,  
A part of the cosmic negativities.

A critic shatters pieces everything  
And binds the fragments in his brilliant sheaf;  
A thrill adventure borne on Destiny's wing  
Gambles with death and triumph, joy and grief.

A king of freedom and a slave of love,  
Host of the stars and guest in Nature's inn,  
A high spectator spirit throned above,  
A peer of person in the game divine.

One who has made in sport the sun and seas  
Triumphant in our being his immense caprice.

1936 September

*Lila*

IN us is the thousandfold Spirit who is one,  
An eternal thinker calm and great and wise,  
A seer whose eye is an all-regarding sun,  
A poet of the cosmic mysteries.

A critic Witness pieces everything  
And binds the fragments in his brilliant sheaf;  
A World-adventurer borne on Destiny's wing  
Gambles with death and triumph, joy and grief.

A king of greatness and a slave of love,  
Host of the stars and guest in Nature's inn,  
A high spectator Spirit throned above,  
A pawn of passion in the game divine,

One who has made in sport the suns and seas  
Mirrors in our being his immense caprice.

20.9.1939



Surrender

O Thou of whom I am the instrument,  
O sacred Spirit and Nature housed in me,  
Let all my mortal being now be blent  
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel inward,  
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:  
Let nothing of myself be left behind  
In our union mystic and immortal.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love  
My body become Thy organ for earth-use;  
In my nerves and veins Thy influence stream shall move.  
My thoughts shall be hounds of delight for Thy pure to lose.  
<sup>I keep</sup> Leave of my soul to adore eternally  
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thine.

1930 September

## *Surrender*

O THOU of whom I am the instrument,  
O secret Spirit and Nature housed in me,  
Let all my mortal being now be blent  
In Thy still glory of divinity.

I have given my mind to be dug Thy channel mind,  
I have offered up my will to be Thy will:  
Let nothing of myself be left behind  
In our union mystic and unutterable.

My heart shall throb with the world-beats of Thy love;  
My body become Thy engine for earth-use;  
In my nerves and veins Thy rapture's streams shall move;  
My thoughts shall be hounds of Light for Thy power to loose.

Keep<sup>1</sup> only my soul to adore eternally  
And meet Thee in each form and soul of Thee.

20.9.1939

<sup>1</sup> Leave



The Divine Worker

I face earth's happenings with an equal soul;  
In all we heed Thy steps: Thy unseen feet  
Tread Destiny's pathings in my front. Life's whole  
Tremendous Heaven is Thine complete.

No danger can portend my spirit's calm:  
My acts are Thine; I in Thy works and pass;  
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,  
Victory is Thy passage marked on Fortune's glass.

In this rude combat with the fate of men  
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;  
Thy force in no labours at its grandiose plan,  
Indifferent to the Time-snakes crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.  
Thy presence is my immortality.

1934 September.

## *The Divine Worker*

I FACE earth's happenings with an equal soul;  
In all are heard Thy steps: Thy unseen feet  
Tread Destiny's pathways in my front. Life's whole  
Tremendous theorem is Thou complete.

No danger can perturb my spirit's calm:  
My acts are Thine; I do Thy works and pass;  
Failure is cradled on Thy deathless arm,  
Victory is Thy passage mirrored in Fortune's glass.

In this rude combat with the fate of man  
Thy smile within my heart makes all my strength;  
Thy Force in me labours at its grandiose plan,  
Indifferent to the Time-snake's crawling length.

No power can slay my soul; it lives in Thee.  
Thy presence is my immortality.

20.9.1939



The Guest

I have discovered my deep deathless being:

Masked by my front of mud, in nerve, in sense  
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,  
A god-spectator of the human scene.

~~The~~<sup>No</sup> pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh  
Can touch that pure and voiceless sanctuary  
Danger and fear, Fate's hands, slipping their grasp  
Round body and nerve; - the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,  
In the deep dying substance of my soul  
Flame-like, immovable the almighty Guest.  
Death never comes and Death takes her toll;

He hears the blow that shatters Nations' power:  
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

1939 September

## *The Guest*

I HAVE discovered my deep deathless being:  
Masked by my front of mind, immense, serene  
It meets the world with an Immortal's seeing,  
A god-spectator of the human scene.

No pain and sorrow of the heart and flesh  
Can tread that pure and voiceless sanctuary.  
Danger and fear, Fate's hounds, slipping their leash  
Rend body and nerve,—the timeless Spirit is free.

Awake, God's ray and witness in my breast,  
In the undying substance of my soul  
Flamelike, inscrutable the almighty Guest.  
Death nearer comes and Destiny takes her toll;

He hears the blows that shatter Nature's house:  
Calm sits he, formidable, luminous.

21.9.1939



The Inner Sovereign

Now more and more the Epiphany within  
Affirms on Nature's soil ~~the~~ <sup>its</sup> sovereign rights.  
My mind has left its prison - camp of brain;  
It flows, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Door of Life  
Conceded in my heart, to do what the shell bid,  
Passing wide wings like a great hippogriff  
On which the gods of the imperishable ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;  
An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight  
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull case:  
My darkness, craven to this cell of light.

Nature in me one day like Heri shall sit  
Victorious, calm, immortal infinite.

1939 September.

## *The Inner Sovereign*

NOW more and more the Epiphany within  
Affirms on Nature's soil His sovereign rights.  
My mind has left its prison-camp of brain;  
It pours, a luminous sea from spirit heights.

A tranquil splendour, waits my Force of Life  
Couched in my heart, to do what He shall bid,  
Poising wide wings like a great hippogriff  
On which the gods of the empyrean ride.

My senses change into gold gates of bliss;  
An ecstasy thrills through touch and sound and sight  
Flooding the blind material sheath's dull ease:  
My darkness answers to His call of light.

Nature in me one day like Him shall sit  
Victorious, calm, immortal, infinite.

22.9.1939



A Dream of Divined Science

One dreamed and saw a gland with Hamlet, broke  
of the Hamlet, captive immortality;  
A committee of hormones on the Aegean's bowle  
Composed the Iliad and the Odyssey.

A thyroide, meditating almost naked  
Under the tree, saw the eternal light  
And, rising from its mighty solitude,  
Holds the shielded eight fold Ball all right.

A brain by a desolved strand down  
Humbled through Europe, anguished, naked and fell,  
From St Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.

They crept on the surreal world, until  
A scientist played with atoms and blew out  
The universe before God had time to shout.

September 25 1939

## *A Dream of Surreal Science*

ONE dreamed and saw a gland write Hamlet, drink  
At the Mermaid, capture immortality;  
A committee of hormones on the Aegean's brink  
Composed the Iliad and the Odyssey.

A thyroid, meditating almost nude  
Under the Bo-tree, saw the eternal Light  
And, rising from its mighty solitude,  
Spoke of the Wheel and eightfold Path all right.

A brain by a disordered stomach driven  
Thundered through Europe, conquered, ruled and fell,  
From St. Helena went, perhaps, to Heaven.  
Thus wagged on the surreal world, until

A scientist played with atoms and blew out  
The universe before God had time to shout.

25.9.1939



### Bliss of Identity

All Nature is taught in rudimentary ways to move;  
All things are in myself embraced.  
O fiery boundless Heart of <sup>joy</sup> ~~idleness~~ and love  
How can thou begetting in a mortal's breast.

It is Thy rapture flowing through my nerves  
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;  
My body thy vessel is and only serves  
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am ~~the~~ <sup>now</sup> centre of Thy golden light  
And I its vast and vague circumference;  
Thou art my soul great luminous and white  
And I thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel a me;  
My life is a throbbing of Thy eternity.

25.9.38.  
21.3.44

## *Bliss of Identity*

ALL Nature is taught in radiant ways to move,  
All beings are in myself embraced.  
O fiery boundless Heart of joy and love,  
How art thou beating in a mortal's breast!

It is Thy rapture flaming through my nerves  
And all my cells and atoms thrill with Thee;  
My body thy vessel is and only serves  
As a living wine-cup of Thy ecstasy.

I am a centre of Thy golden light  
And I its vast and vague circumference,  
Thou art my soul great, luminous and white  
And Thine my mind and will and glowing sense.

Thy spirit's infinite breath I feel in me;  
My life is a throb of Thy eternity.

25.9.1938<sup>1</sup>

21.3.1944

<sup>1</sup> 25.7.1938 (?)



The Miracle of Birth

I saw my soul a traveller through Time;  
From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,  
Obtuse in the depths and on the heights sublime,  
Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came  
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.  
The inconceivable sunken Night received the flame,  
In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn  
Life stirred and thought outlined a gleaming shape  
Ill on the star's inanimate <sup>Evilly none</sup> ~~soft~~ ~~even~~ ~~born~~,  
Down to common mortal Nature in her slay  
At thinking creatures who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,  
The Immortal's gradual birth amid mire and stone

1920. September

## *The Miracle of Birth*

I SAW my soul a traveller through Time;  
From life to life the cosmic ways it trod,  
Obscure in the depths and on the heights sublime,  
Evolving from the worm into the god.

A spark of the eternal Fire, it came  
To build a house in Matter for the Unborn.  
The inconscient sunless Night received the flame,  
In the brute seed of things dumb and forlorn

Life stirred and Thought outlined a gleaming shape  
Till on the stark inanimate earth could move,  
Born to somnambulist Nature in her sleep,  
A thinking creature who can hope and love.

Still by slow steps the miracle goes on,  
The Immortal's gradual birth mid mire and stone.

27-29.9.1939



The Body

This body which was once my universe,  
I saw a pittance carried by the rail, —  
Its titer's motion bears this scanty form,  
Paving through rookeries to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the great need  
That only infinitude can satisfy;  
He keeps it still, for in the folds is hid  
His secret passport to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space display  
The landscape of their golden happenings;  
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,  
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world contemporaneous  
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

1935 October

## *The Body*

THIS body which was once my universe,  
Is now a pittance carried by the soul,—  
Its Titan's motion bears this scanty purse,  
Pacing through vastness to a vaster goal.

Too small was it to meet the giant need  
That only infinitude can satisfy:  
He keeps it still, for in the folds is hid  
His secret passport to eternity.

In his front an endless Time and Space deploy  
The landscape of their golden happenings;  
His heart is filled with sweet and violent joy,  
His mind is upon great and distant things.

How grown with all the world conterminous  
Is the little dweller in this narrow house!

2.10.1939



Liberty

My mind, my soul grow larger than all space;  
I am founders in that vastness, glad and rude.  
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,  
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance  
In the glory of a white infinity  
Beautiful and bare for the Immortal's dance,  
House-room of my immense felicity.

In the thrilled happy giant void within  
Thought lost in light and passion poured in bliss,  
Changing into a stillness hyaline,  
Obeys the edict of the Eternal's peace.

Life's now the ineffable's dominion;  
Nature is ended and the spirit alone.

1939 October

## *Liberation*

MY mind, my soul grow larger than all Space;  
Time founders in that vastness glad and nude:  
The body fades, an outline, a dim trace,  
A memory in the spirit's solitude.

This universe is a vanishing circumstance  
In the glory of a white infinity,  
Beautiful and bare for the Immortal's dance,  
House-room of my immense felicity.

In the thrilled happy giant void within  
Thought lost in light and passion drowned in bliss,  
Changing into a stillness hyaline,  
Obey the edict of the Eternal's peace.

Life's now the Ineffable's dominion;  
Nature is ended and the spirit alone.

2-3.10.1939



Light

Light, endless Light! darkness has room no more,  
Life's agonized gulfs give up their agony;  
The huge unconscious depths unplumbed before  
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!  
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.  
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart.  
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!  
Light, brooding Light! each smitten pulsate cell  
In a maelstrom of ecstasy preserves  
A living sense of the Ineffable.

I move in a ocean of stupendous Light  
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

1939 October

## *Light*

LIGHT, endless Light! darkness has room no more.  
Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy:  
The huge unconscious depths unplumbed before  
Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!  
The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose.  
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart  
Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!  
Light, brooding Light! each smitten passionate cell  
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves  
A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light  
Joining my depths to His eternal height.

3-4.10.1939



The Island Sun

I have sailed the golden ocean  
And crossed the silver bar,  
I have reached the Sun of knowledge  
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,  
Its mountains of bare night,  
Its peaks of fiery rapture,  
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,  
Its vales of Titan rest,  
Became my soul's dominion,  
Its Island of the Blest.

Alone with God and silence,  
Lonely it lived in Time;  
Life was the fugue of music,  
Thought was Truth's ardent rhyme.

The light was still around me  
When I came back to earth  
Bringing the immortal's knowledge  
Into man's cave of birth.

October 3. 1939

## *The Island Sun*

I HAVE sailed the golden ocean  
And crossed the silver bar;  
I have reached the Sun of knowledge  
The earth-self's midnight star.

Its fields of flaming vision,  
Its mountains of bare might,  
Its peaks of fiery rapture,  
Its air of absolute light,

Its seas of self-oblivion,  
Its vales of Titan rest,  
Became my soul's dominion,  
Its Island of the Blest.

Alone with God and silence,  
Timeless it lived in Time;  
Life was His fugue of music,  
Thought was Truth's ardent rhyme.

The Light was still around me  
When I came back to earth  
Bringing the Immortal's knowledge  
Into man's cave of birth.

3.10.1939<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 13.10.-1939 (?)



Self

He said "I am egoless, spiritual, free,  
Glow serene because his dining was not ready.  
I asked him why. He said, "It is not me,  
But the belly's hungry god who gets unsteady".  
I asked him why. He said, "It is his play.  
I am unmoved within, desireless, pure.  
I care not what may happen day by day."  
I questioned him, "Are you so very sure?"  
He answered, "I can understand your doubt.  
Not to be free is all. It does not matter  
How you may hide <sup>and</sup> how <sup>and</sup> how <sup>and</sup> how  
Naked now over your dear flesh.  
To be aware of self is liberty.  
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

October 15. 1929

## *Self*

HE said, "I am egoless, spiritual, free,"  
Then swore because his dinner was not ready.  
I asked him why. He said, "It is not me,  
But the belly's hungry god who gets unsteady."

I asked him why. He said, "It is his play.  
I am unmoved within, desireless, pure.  
I care not what may happen day by day."  
I questioned him, "Are you so very sure?"

He answered, "I can understand your doubt.  
But to be free is all. It does not matter  
How you may kick and howl and rage and shout,  
Making a row over your daily platter.

To be aware of self is liberty,  
Self I have got and, having self, am free."

15.10.1939



~~The~~ Omnipresente

He is in me, round me, facing everywhere.  
Self-willed in ego to exclude this night,  
I stand upon its boundaries and stare  
Into the frontiers of the infinite.

Each finite thing I see is a facade;  
From its windows looks at me the Illimitable.  
In vain was my prison of separate body made;  
His occult presence burns in every cell.

He has become my substance and my breath;  
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.  
My birth is His eternity's sign, my death  
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb behyems are His secret abode;  
In my heart's chamber lies the unmarked God.

1905. October

## *Omnipresence*

HE is in me, round me, facing everywhere.  
Self-walled in ego to exclude His right,  
I stand upon its boundaries and stare  
Into the frontiers of the Infinite.

Each finite thing I see is a façade;  
From its windows looks at me the Illimitable.  
In vain was my prison of separate body made;  
His occult presence burns in every cell.

He has become my substance and my breath;  
He is my anguish and my ecstasy.  
My birth is His eternity's sign, my death  
A passage of His immortality.

My dumb abysses are His screened abode;  
In my heart's chamber lives the unworshipped God

17.10.1939



Adwaria

I walked on the high-crowned Seat of Solomon  
where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands  
Facing the fang from Temu's edge, or always  
On the bare ridge ending as the vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:  
if it had become one strange Unmanable,  
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,  
Topless and falterless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Bang's only word,  
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end  
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,  
On an incommunicable summit resigned,  
Slowly calm and void unchanging These.  
On the dumb coast of Nature's mysteries.

October  
1939 September

## *Adwaita*

I WALKED on the high-wayed Seat of Solomon  
Where Shankaracharya's tiny temple stands  
Facing Infinity from Time's edge, alone  
On the bare ridge ending earth's vain romance.

Around me was a formless solitude:  
All had become one strange Unnamable,  
An unborn sole Reality world-nude,  
Topless and fathomless, for ever still.

A Silence that was Being's only word,  
The unknown beginning and the voiceless end  
Abolishing all things moment-seen or heard,  
On an incommunicable summit reigned,

A lonely Calm and void unchanging Peace  
On the dumb crest of Nature's mysteries.

19.10.1939



The Hill-top Temple

After unnumbered steps of a hill-stair  
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun  
The immobile Goddess in her house of stone  
In a loneliness of meditating awe.  
Wise were the human hands that set her there  
Above the world and Time's dominion;  
The soul of all that lives, calm, pure, <sup>above</sup> ~~and above~~  
Revealed its boundless self in gods and man.  
Our body is an epitome of some vast  
That needs to perceive by our humanness.  
In us the saint spirit can indite  
A page and summary of the definite,  
It echoes of Eternity expressed  
Lives in an image and a sculptured face.

1937 October

## *The Hill-top Temple*

AFTER unnumbered steps of a hill-stair  
I saw upon earth's head brilliant with sun  
The immobile Goddess in her house of stone  
In a loneliness of meditating air.  
Wise were the human hands that set her there  
Above the world and Time's dominion;  
The Soul of all that lives, calm, pure, alone,  
Revealed its boundless self mystic and bare.

Our body is an epitome of some Vast  
That masks its presence by our humanness.  
In us the secret Spirit can indite  
A page and summary of the Infinite,  
A nodus of Eternity expressed  
Live in an image and a sculptured face.

21.10.1939



Because Thou art all-beauty and All-bless,  
Thy soul blend a thousand years for Thee;  
It hears Thy mystic touch in all that is  
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze  
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:  
Thy sweetness hurls my heart through Nature's ways;  
Nowhere it beats so far from Thy sweet innuence.

It loves Thy body in all living things;  
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:  
The moments bring Thee on their fairy wings;  
So life's endless activity is Thou alone.

I've voyaged with Thee upon its power,  
And all thy future's passionate hopes Thou.

BECAUSE Thou art All-beauty and All-bliss,  
My soul blind and enamoured yearns for Thee;  
It bears Thy mystic touch in all that is  
And thrills with the burden of that ecstasy.

Behind all eyes I meet Thy secret gaze  
And in each voice I hear Thy magic tune:  
Thy sweetness haunts my heart through Nature's ways;  
Nowhere it beats now from Thy snare immune.

It loves Thy body in all living things;  
Thy joy is there in every leaf and stone:  
The moments bring Thee on their fiery wings;  
Sight's endless artistry is Thou alone.

Time voyages with Thee upon its prow  
And all the future's passionate hope is Thou.

25.10.1939



Each sight is now immortal with Thy bliss;  
Thy soul through the veiled eyes has come to see;  
A veil is rent and they no more can miss  
The miracle of Thy world-creptancy.

Like an ecstasy of vision caught—  
Each natural object is of Thee a part;  
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,  
A form shaped in Beauty's living heart,  
A master-work of colour and design,  
A mighty weaver borne on Gaude's wings;  
A hundred wonders of significant line  
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-ideal of delight,  
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

October 26

## *Divine Sight*

EACH sight is now immortal with Thy bliss:  
My soul through the rapt eyes has come to see;  
A veil is rent and they no more can miss  
The miracle of Thy world-epiphany.

Into an ecstasy of vision caught  
Each natural object is of Thee a part,  
A rapture-symbol from Thy substance wrought,  
A poem shaped in Beauty's living heart.

A master-work of colour and design,  
A mighty sweetness borne on grandeur's wings;  
A burdened wonder of significant line  
Reveals itself in even commonest things.

All forms are Thy dream-dialect of delight,  
O Absolute, O vivid Infinite.

26.10.1939



The Unseen Infinite

Arise to voiceless in a variable peak  
I meet no end, for all is born less He,  
The absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,  
A flight, a Presence, an Infinity.

In the dream-land deathful dark abyss  
We heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.  
The invisible midnight veils this time of bliss,  
A fathomless sealed astonishment of light.

In the night that dazzles our vision everywhere,  
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One;  
Only the eyes of Immortality dare  
To look unblinded on that living One.

Yet are our souls the immortal selves within,  
Commanders and powers and children of the Unseen

1939 October

## *The Unseen Infinite*

ARISEN to voiceless unattainable peaks  
I meet no end, for all is boundless He,  
An absolute joy the wide-winged spirit seeks,  
A Might, a Presence, an Eternity.

In the inconscient dreadful dumb Abyss  
Are heard the heart-beats of the Infinite.  
The insensible midnight veils His trance of bliss,  
A fathomless sealed astonishment of Light.

In His ray that dazzles our vision everywhere,  
Our half-closed eyes seek fragments of the One:  
Only the eyes of Immortality dare  
To look unblinded on that living Sun.

Yet are our souls the Immortal's selves within,  
Comrades and powers and children of the Unseen.

October 1939



Despair on the Sparrow

Mute stands she, lonely on the topmost stair,  
An image of magnificent despair;  
The grandeur of a sorrowful sunrise  
Vales in the largeness of her glorious eyes  
In her beauty's dumb ~~neg~~ significant pose I find  
The tragedy of her mysterious mind.  
Yet is she stately, grandiose, full of grace.  
A moving mask is her immobile face.  
Her tail is up like an unfurled flag,  
Its dignity knows not the <sup>lighter</sup> ~~casual~~ wag.  
An animal creature wonderfully human,  
A charm and miracle of fur-poled Brahmin,  
Whether she is spirit, woman or a cat  
Is in the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939

## *Despair on the Staircase*

MUTE stands she, lonely on the topmost stair,  
An image of magnificent despair;  
The grandeur of a sorrowful surmise  
Wakes in the largeness of her glorious eyes.  
In her beauty's dumb significant pose I find  
The tragedy of her mysterious mind.  
Yet is she stately, grandiose, full of grace.  
A musing mask is her immobile face.  
Her tail is up like an unconquered flag;  
Its dignity knows not the right to wag.  
An animal creature wonderfully human,  
A charm and miracle of fur-footed Brahman,  
Whether she is spirit, woman or a cat,  
Is now the problem I am wondering at.

October 1939



Last Poems

Surely I take no more an earthly food  
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!  
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude  
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Gleaming and right as roe or ecstasy,  
And all the fragrances of earth disclose  
A sweetness matching in intensity  
O' odor of the crimson navel of the rose.

In every contact's deep wooing thrill,  
That bids as if its source were infinite,  
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss inescapable  
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy refters' sacred fire,  
Oure, fonnate, holy, virgin of desire.

November 1.

*Divine Sense*

SURELY I take no more an earthly food  
But eat the fruits and plants of Paradise!  
For Thou hast changed my sense's habitude  
From mortal pleasure to divine surprise.

Hearing and sight are now an ecstasy,  
And all the fragrances of earth disclose  
A sweetness matching in intensity  
Odour of the crimson marvel of the rose.

In every contact's deep invading thrill,  
That lasts as if its source were infinite,  
I feel Thy touch; Thy bliss imperishable  
Is crowded into that moment of delight.

The body burns with Thy rapture's sacred fire,  
Pure, passionate, holy, virgin of desire.

1.11.1939



Man, the Despot of Entrances  
I am greater than the greatness of the seas  
A swift tempest of God-energy:  
A helpless flow that quivers with the breeze  
I am weaker than the reed on breaks with ease.

I have all the wisdom of the wise  
I am above of stupendous Ignorance;  
On a flame of righteousness I fix my eyes  
While I wallow in ~~dark waters~~ <sup>sweet sin</sup> of blood ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> hell's door.  
My mind is brilliant like a full wheel noon,  
Its darkness is the caverned troglodyte's.  
I gather long time's wealth and squander soon;  
I am an epitome of opposites.

I am repeated life death sleep surprise;  
I am a transience of the structures

## *Man, The Despot of Contraries*

I AM greater than the greatness of the seas  
A swift tornado of God-energy:  
A helpless flower that quivers in the breeze  
I am weaker than the reed one breaks with ease.

I harbour all the wisdom of the wise  
In my nature of stupendous Ignorance;  
On a flame of righteousness I fix my eyes  
While I wallow in sweet sin and join hell's dance.

My mind is brilliant like a full-orbed moon,  
Its darkness is the caverned troglodyte's.  
I gather long Time's wealth and squander soon;  
I am an epitome of opposites.

I with repeated life death's sleep surprise;  
I am a transience of the eternities.

29.7.1940



# The Children of Notan

1940

- "Where is the end of your armed march, O children of Notan?  
Let shudders with fear at your tread, the death-flower laughs in your eyes."
- "We have seen the sign of Thor and the hammer of new creation,  
A seed of blood on the soil, a flower of blood in the skies.  
We march to make of earth a hell and call it heaven.  
The heart of mankind we have smitten with the whip of the sword and war;  
The will of God lies bleeding in our black and gold sunrise."
- "I hear the cry of a broken world, O children of Notan."  
"Question the volcano when it burns, chide the fire and bitumen!  
Suffering is the fruit of our strength and torture the bliss of our atonement.  
We are pitiless, mighty and glad, the gods fear our laughter in human.  
Our hearts are heroic and hard; we wear the belt of Orion.  
Our will has the edge of the thunderbolt, we act the laws of the lion.  
We rejoice in the pain we create as a man in the kiss of a woman."
- "Have you seen your fate in the scales of God, O children of Notan,  
And the tail of the Dragon lashing the foam in far-off seas?"  
"We mock at God, we have silenced the mutter of forests at his altar.  
Our leader is master of fate, redeemer of lost mysteries.  
We have made the mind a cypher, we have strangled thought with a cord,  
Dead now are pity and honour, strength only is Nature's lord.  
We build a new world-order; our bombs shout Notan's peace."
- "We are the javalins of Destiny, we are the children of Notan,  
We are the human Titans, the supermen dreamed by the age.  
A corn of the beast and demoniac with the godhead of power and will,  
We are born in humanity's sunset, to the Night is our pilgrimage.  
On the bodies of perishing nations, mid the cry of the cataclysm coming,  
Is a frost of bomb and shell and the aeroplane's fatal humming,  
We march, lit by Mith's death-pyre, to the world's setariae age."



## *The Children of Wotan (1940)*

“WHERE is the end of your armoured march, O children of Wotan?

Earth shudders with fear at your tread, the death-flame laughs in your  
eyes.”

“We have seen the sign of Thor and the hammer of new creation,

A seed of blood on the soil, a flower of blood in the skies.

We march to make of earth a hell and call it heaven.

The heart of mankind we have smitten with the whip of the sorrows seven;

The Mother of God lies bleeding in our black and gold sunrise.”

“I hear the cry of a broken world, O children of Wotan.”

“Question the volcano when it burns, chide the fire and bitumen!

Suffering is the food of our strength and torture the bliss of our entrails.

We are pitiless, mighty and glad, the gods fear our laughter inhuman.

Our hearts are heroic and hard; we wear the belt of Orion:

Our will has the edge of the thunderbolt, our acts the claws of the lion.

We rejoice in the pain we create as a man in the kiss of a woman.”

“Have you seen your fate in the scales of God, O children of Wotan,  
And the tail of the Dragon lashing the foam in far-off seas?”

“We mock at God, we have silenced the mutter of priests at his altar.

Our leader is master of Fate, medium of her mysteries.

We have made the mind a cypher, we have strangled Thought with a cord;

Dead now are pity and honour, strength only is Nature's lord.

We build a new world-order; our bombs shout Wotan's peace.

We are the javelins of Destiny, we are the children of Wotan,

We are the human Titans, the supermen dreamed by the sage.

A cross of the beast and demoniac with the godhead of power and will,

We are born in humanity's sunset, to the Night is our pilgrimage.

On the bodies of perishing nations, mid the cry of the cataclysm coming

To a presto of bomb and shell and the aeroplanes' fatal humming,

We march, lit by Truth's death-pyre, to the world's satanic age.”





## *The Silver Call*

THERE is a godhead of unrealised things  
To which Time's splendid gains are hoarded dross;  
A cry seems near, a rustle of silver wings  
Calling to heavenly joy by earthly loss.

All eye has seen and all the ear has heard  
Is a pale illusion by some greater voice  
And mightier vision; no sweet sound or word,  
No passion of hues that make the heart rejoice

Can equal these diviner ecstasies.  
A Mind beyond our mind has sole the ken  
Of those yet unimagined harmonies,  
The fate and privilege of unborn men.

As rain-thrashed mire the marvel of the rose,  
Earth waits that distant marvel to disclose.

23.3.44



Contrasts

What opposites anchor! A trivial life  
Specks the huge dream of Death called Matter; silence  
In its struggles of weakness towards omnipotence,  
A thinking mind starts from the unthinking strife  
In the order of the electric elements.  
Immortal life brooded in that motion death,  
A mystery of knowledge were the death  
Matter's mute response. Its enveloped sense  
Or dumb cosmologist call obscurely begins  
Driving the atoms in their comic course  
Whose huge unceasing movement serves before  
The works of a stranger blind omniscience.  
The world's deep contrasts are but figures of  
Draping the unanimity of the One.

## *Contrasts*

WHAT opposites are here! A trivial life  
Specks the huge dream of Death called Matter; intense  
In its struggle of weakness towards omnipotence,  
A thinking mind starts from the unthinking strife  
In the order of the electric elements.  
Immortal life breathed in that monstrous death,  
A mystery of Knowledge wore as sheath  
Matter's mute nescience. Its enveloped sense  
Or dumb somnambulist will obscurely reigns  
Driving the atoms in their cosmic course  
Whose huge unhearing movement serves perforce  
The works of a strange blind omniscience.  
The world's deep contrasts are but figures spun  
Draping the unanimity of the One.



How the Thinking Sinner?

A trifling mist in a boundless plan  
And the enormous insignificance  
Of the unpeopled cosmos' fun. What darest,  
Cork, a by accident engaged man.  
A creature of his own grey ignorance,  
A maid half shadow and half gleam, a breath  
I had rather, captive in a world of death,  
To live some lone brief years. Yet his advance,  
A thought of ~~the~~ chimney within,  
A consciousness in the unconscious night,  
To realize its own refusal light  
Confronts the ruthless forces of the Unseen.  
Aspiring to godhead from assemblage clay  
He travels slow-footed towards the eternal day.

*Man the Thinking Animal* ✓

A TRIFLING unit in a boundless plan  
Amidst the enormous insignificance  
Of the unpeopled cosmos' fire-whirl dance,  
Earth, as by accident engendered man.

A creature of his own grey ignorance,  
A mind half-shadow and half-gleam, a breath  
That wrestles, captive in a world of death,  
To live some lame brief years. Yet his advance,

Attempt of a divinity within,  
A consciousness in the inconscient Night,  
To realise its own supernal Light  
Confronts the ruthless forces of the Unseen.

Aspiring to godhead from insensible clay  
He travels slow-footed towards the eternal day.



6

Evolution

I passed into culvert still abode  
 And saw as in a mirror crystal line  
 The ancient time succeeding age before  
 The swirling spirals of the aeonic road.  
 It was a cradle for the unborn god  
 And near but a half-dark half-blurred age  
 Of the transition of the veiled Dawn  
 From Matter's sleep and the time old road  
 Of ignorance to life and day to the Spirit's light.  
 And lit a light across the sea of vast  
 And life escaped from its grey tormented lair  
 I saw Matter illumined its first Night.  
 The soul could feel its infant cost  
 Smiles for the bliss the heart had made.

193-(?)  
 22.3.44

*Evolution*

I PASSED into a lucent still abode  
And saw as in a mirror crystalline  
An ancient Force ascending serpentine  
Of the ascending<sup>1</sup> spirals of the aconic road.  
Earth was a cradle for the arriving God  
And man but a half-dark half-luminous sign  
Of the transition of the veiled Divine  
From Matter's sleep and the tormented load  
Of ignorant life and death to the Spirit's light.  
Mind liberated swam Light's ocean-vast,  
And life escaped from its grey tortured line  
I saw Matter illumining its parent Night.  
The soul could feel into infinity cast,  
Timeless God-bliss the heart incarnadine.

22.3.1944

<sup>1</sup> unhasting